ORATE.

Who is good enough to be
Near the never-stained sea?
Ah, not I,
Who thereby
Only sigh,
"Pray for me."

Standing underneath some tree,
Innocent, magnanimous tree,
To be true,
There anew
Must I sue:
"Pray for me."

As I pass on hilly lea
Fellow-lives of glad degree
Without shame,
Name by name,
These I claim:
"Pray for me."

Fail not, then, thou kingly sea!
Aid the needy, sister tree!
March hards,
Ye have words!
April birds,
Pray for me!

—Louise Imogen Guiney, in McClure's Magazine.

HELPING A BASHFUL LOVER.

By Juris Prudence.

Jamie Gray was a lad, or a young man I should say, of a very retiring disposition, which had in various ways and many a time hindered his advancement in life, and led to his serious financial and other loss.

That which would have been the greatest loss of his whole life he evaded, not by any display of forcefulness or ingenuity of his own, but simply by the courage, skill and common-sense of Mary Deans. She was the daughter of old Walter Deans whose back garden adjoined that of Mrs. Gray, with only a very poor fence between, and numerous gaps caused by the withdrawal of sticks to afford easy access from one patch to the other.

So often inded were the youn man and the old together in one or other of the plots that it would have been impossible without private information to settle the ownership of either. And Mary was very often with them, for her love of flowers was as keen as that of the men's, though hers was usually displayed in gathering them. Jamie made her welcome to all the flowers in his garden, even his choicest blooms. A higher sign of regard he could not bestow, for she knew from his mother how much it went to his heart to see his flowers pulled. Therefore she used the liberty sparingly, and thereby I think became more dear to James, if that were possible.

For he loved her, loved her more than his flowers even, and that was not a little, and much of his time he spent in apparent work within his garden was spent on the chance of seeing Mary. She knew that he loved her though no word had been spoken. Other lovers she had who were not so silent and the greatest pain which Jamie Gray experienced was when he saw her in the garden with one of them. He knew the purpose of their visits, and gladly would have defeated it, but that intervening backwardness of his hindered the attempt. He did not know that she loved him, and Mary, casting about for a womanly way to aid his perception, decided as a first step to discourage the visits of all other suitors.

Jamie was glad. He ventured to remark upon her unwonted solicitude, and by the very prettiest blush Mary would have had him understand that their absence was her simple way of increasing his opportunity. He showed his gratitude by inviting her to pull his most cherished blossoms, gathered them for her himself indeed, and in every way save words told her how dear she was to him, how much he loved her, and how happy he would be if she were his. But other than by signs he could not push his wooing.

So Summer wore into Autumn, and Autumn into Winter. There were no more flowers, and the time of Christmas was drawing near.

It was evening, a clear, frosty, moonlight night. Jamie was in his garden, whither he had gone to see if any of his Christmas roses were in bloom. He was fortunate in finding one, and glanced across the fence to see if Mary were in sight. She was not, and with a sudden acquisition of courage he made to carry the flower to her house, when suddenly the door opened and the lady of his unspeakable love appeared in sight. Her head, shoulders and body down to the waist was wrapped in a thick, warm, woollen shawl, and as though she had observed Jamie from her bedroom window, and come out of purpose to speak to him, yet with feminine wilfulness she affected not to see him, and turned her gaze up to the moon and stars.

"Mary," called James from his side of the fence."

"Oh! it's you, Jamie. What a fright ye gied me!"

"I'm sorry," said he. "Are ony o' your Christmas roses oot?"

"I dinna ken. I never heard my father saying'. Will ye no' come over an' look if tis no ower dark? I wad like ane or twa fine, for there's no' a floo'er in the hoose."

With pleasure James accepted the invitation, and they walked down to the tiny, dark patch under the trees beside the Summer-house at the foot of the garden, where the Christmas roses grew. He bent down to search for the little white flowers and Mary bent down to help him. He parted the leaves and carefully inspected every plant.

"I doot there's nane, Mary," he said. "It's a pity, but it canna be helped. I maun just dae without them. Floo'ers are very dear at this time o' the year."

Rising in the darkness from his stooping posture her head bumped against Jamie's shoulder with not a little violence. It might have been accident, but the readiness with which she lent her strength to save Jamie from falling when he stretched out his hands leads me to suspect more preparedness than he imagined.

"I beg your pardon, Jamie," she said "It was sae dark I could hardly see ye. Did I hurt ye?"

"No' a bit," he replied, and continued to hold her hand, which of his own initiative he would never have had courage to take. "Are ye hurt yersel'?"

"No' me," and she laughed; "but it's a warnin' to us no' to hunt for floo'ers in the dark."

"Come ower to my patch an' I'll see if ony oot. It's clearer ower there in the munelicht."

Yet he did not relinquish her hand. The warm clasp of it had set the blood tingling all through his body, and James felt less backward than at any other moment in his past life. When Mary gently took her hand away he preceded her to his patch of Christmas roses.

A diligent search disclosed no more than the one solitary bloom.

"It's a' there is, Mary, but ye're welcome to it."

"Thank you, Jamie, but it's selfish o' me to tak' it. Wau ye no' rather gi'e it to your mother?" Oh, the hypocritical puss!

"My mother wadna thank me. She sots nae store by floo'ers.'

"She's no' like me. I just lo'e them. I dinna ken hoo to thank ye, I'm sure, Jamie."

"It's naething, Mary, naething ava. I only wish I had mair to gi'e ye."

"It's been take, tak' wi' me a' Summer. It's my turn to gi'e ye something noo. I maun be thinkin' o' a bit present for you at Christmas. What wad ye like, Jamie?" she inquired, laughing.

Jamie knew quite well what he would like—he would like Mary herself—but he hadn't courage to put it in words even in the moonlight. So he remained silent in spite of Mary's encouraging smile, for, wise young woman, she knew what was in his mind, and had come out of the house with the sole intent, indeed, of making him declare it. Only there were limits beyond which a discreet damsel could not pass.

"Ye'll think it ower, Jamie an' let me ken,' she remarked, revealing no disappointment. "I dinna want to be gi'ein' ye something ye dinna need or hae gotten a'ready."

She began to retrace her steps to the head of the garden, but her purpose was not yet abandoned. Now, who would blame her? She loved Jamie and he her. Was their mutual happiness to be wrecked by the want of a word or two. Not if she could help it.

"Look at the moon, Jamie," she said, stopping suddenly and laying her hand on her friend's arm. "Isna it a bonnie sicht?"

It was a coincidence that at the very spot where Mary stopped there stood a little bower where James and her father often sat of a Summer night and smoked when their work in the garden was finished.

"Naething could be lovelier," replied James.

Then Mary with a sudden start looked behind her into the darkness of the bower.

"I thought I heard something," she said.

Jamie entered the bower and stretched his arms round it and rubbed his feet along the floor.

"It was naething," he said. "Will ye no' sit doon for a minute, Mary. If it's no ower cauld?"

"I'm no' the least cauld," she answered. "Feel my hanns."

She laid them in Jamie's and again he experienced that delightful sensation which had pleased him so much before.

"It's you that should be cryin' cauld wi' naething on but a licht jacket. Ye'll maybe bring trouble on yourself sittin' there."

"Sit doon, lassie, sit doon. I couldna be better," and he gently forced her onto the seat. For a bashful lad Jamie was making giant strides.

"Well, just for a minute, to please ye," she said. "Ye got a bonnie sicht o' the mune frae here."

Jamie was still holding her hand. She was not displeased. She rather liked it, for remember she loved Jamie and knew that he loved her as well as she understood the difference of his character. Perhaps the touch of her hand would give him courage, she thought, for she had read in books of such an effect being attributed to such a cause. So she did not take her hand away.

"About that present ye promised me, Mary," observed Jamie reminiscently.

"Ay," she said. "Ha'e ye made up your mind a'ready? I hape it'll no' be ower muckle ye're seekin'."

"Its ——." But he got no further.

She gave his hand a gentle squeeze of encouragement.

"Something I can afford, Jamie."

She felt his clasp tighten. The greatness of his demand seemed to make it difficult for James to get it out.

"I'll gi'e ye onything in my poo'er, Jamie," she assisted.

"It's in your poo'er, Mary. I want—yourself?"

"Me!" exclaimed Mary in well simulated surprise. "Ye want me!"

Here Mary made the only mistake of the evening, happily not irremediable. She just overdid the astonishment. Jamie had no experience or knowledge of woman's ways, save what he had seen in his mother, who always said what she meant and meant what she said. Mary's exclamation, therefore, to him implied rejection, and he was not a man to press an unwilling suit.

"I kenn'd it was ower muckle to ask," he said, letting her hand drop from his. "But ye're as welcome as ever to the floo'ers, Mary."

"Thank you," she said, politely. Her heart was beating gladly. The bashful man had sought his boon, and she was willing to yield it, and would yield it, but he hadn't said he loved her though she knew it, and that declaration she must have before she granted his wish.

"Forgive me, Mary," pleaded Jamie, meekly.

"Forgive you for what?"

"For lovin' you."

"I never heard ye saying that."

Jamie was greatly perturbed, and he could not see his companion's face.

"I meant it," was his weak reply.

"Then why did ye no' say it—Jamie?"

The last word came after an interval, and the tone of it was so significant that, even to the ignorant ears of Jamie Gray, it conveyed its meaning.

"May I tell ye, lass?" and he took her hand again with a boldness that was unnatural. "I love you, Mary—love you—love you as the flower loves the sunshine and the birds love the light." Like all lovers of nature Jamie was something of a poet. "Have you any love for me, Mary?" So he concluded questioningly, and waited her answer.

The maiden had got what her heart longed for, what, indeed, she had been playing for, got it in fuller measure than she had dreamed of, and, though coquettish, she was only coquettish up to a point, as every maiden has a right to be. She turned her face to Jamie, and held out her free hand, which he caught with a clasp in which there was neither diffidence nor bashfulness.—Scottish American.

The Craze for Souvenirs.

In these enlightened days anything from the limb of a tree to a table napkin is liable to be carried away as a souvenir.

A Western girl with a well-defined case of the aforesaid habit sojourning in New York, was dining at a fashionable cafe, and, being prepossessed in favor of the cunning pewter creampots with which the tables were supplied, calmly carried one away in her muff. Can you imagine her self-valuation when upon examining carved across the bottom: "Stolen from M——'s."

A Pittsburg bachelor, wandering into a restaurant, came upon a friend just seating himself with two ladies. The bachelor was invited to join the party, did so, and at the end of the luncheon insisted upon paying the costs. The bill being wrong, he went to the cashier's desk to personally adjust the discrepancy, where he was informed that the extra charges were for spoons which the ladies had put in their handbags. And that was the first time he had ever met them!—The Bohemian.

Balzac and the Thief.

A story said to be new, of Balzac is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Balzac's house and was soon at work, by the secretaire in the novelist's chamber. Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder aroused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A student laugh arrested his operations and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter.

"What is it that makes you merry?" demanded the burglar.

"I laugh," replied the author of "Pere Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretaire for money when I can never find any there in broad daylight."—Westminster Gazette.

A One Name Wedding.

At a wedding solemnized at Fingest (Buckinghamshire) the bride, the bridegroom, the clergyman who performed the ceremony and all the signatories of the register bore the name of Davis.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Modern Farm Methods As Applied in the South.

Notes of Interest to Planter, Fruit Grower and Stockman

Some Remedies For Cabbage Pests.

At the last meeting of our Farmers' Union some one asked what to do for an insect that was eating cabbage, but could not be found. The reply was, that it was a bug which burrowed in the soil when not eating; and there was no remedy except thorough cultivation preceded by thorough preparation of the soil before planting time. Another member said to try sprinkling the plants and ground around them, with a solution of saltpetre, using two teaspoons of powdered saltpetre to a pail of water. He also gave this as a preventative of the ravages of the beetle that so often injures squash, melon and cucumber plants. It does not kill, perhaps, but drives away the bug, which answers the same purpose. Sometimes a second application is necessary.

Saltpetre and water are said to be good for cabbage worms. Sometimes sprinkling ashes or garden dust on the cabbage while the dew is on will kill the worms; but the surest remedy is a teaspoonful of Paris green to forty tablespoons of flour, sprinkled on the cabbage while damp with dew, or use Paris green in solution sprinkled on later in the day. Many are afraid to use Paris green, because it is poison; but the growth of cabbage is from the inside, and the remedy is applied to what later becomes the loose outside leaves and cannot injure any one. Should any enter the inner part of the head, the first good rain would wash it all away; or the washing when the cabbage is prepared for table renders it perfectly harmless.—Progressive Farmer.

Lettuce Growing Wrinkles.

A combination method of indoor and outdoor lettuce culture that sometimes works nicely is starting head lettuce in the greenhouse, hotbed or cold frame and transplanting to the open as soon as the weather is favorable. Not only do we thus get earlier lettuce, but the development of head lettuce seems to be very fine under these conditions. Deacon, Big Boston, May King, Black Seeded Tennisball, Market Gardener's Private Stock, Iceberg and Improved Hanson are varieties suitable for this com-

Grand Rapids Lettuce Plant.
[Growth in pot for transplanting to bench or box.]

bination culture. The last two are curly leaved varieties, but under proper cultural conditions form good heads. The plants are started in the greenhouse, transplanted into flats and hardened off in the cold frames. They are then set in the open ground in rows fifteen inches apart and about ten inches apart in the row.

Another wrinkle in the growing of early lettuce is to grow the plants in pots until about the size of that shown in the figure and then transplanted to flats, in which the plants are grown to maturity or at least salable size.—New York Witness.

How to Avoid Red Bugs.

Red bugs (called also chigoe, chigre, jigger and several other names) are frequently given as a reason why chickens hatched late in spring cannot be grown successfully in the South. These little mites can be avoided without great trouble, so that chicken raisers can have success with late hatched chicks if they will. When the little birds run among all sorts of green things, the red bugs get on them and burrow into the flesh, causing trouble that for small chicks is far more serious than when the bugs burrow into the flesh of man. A cure is troublesome at the best, and the necessity of a cure is not infrequently a serious matter. By keeping the pests off the chicks, all trouble is avoided.

How can they be kept off? If the chicks are constantly on bare ground, there will be no chance for the bugs to get on them. One successful poultryman makes it a practice to fence in his small chicks under fruit trees, the ground being plowed or spaded till there is not a spear of grass anywhere. It becomes necessary then, of course, to supply enough green food, both for the chicks and their mothers. This particular poultryman keeps each hen in a coop, with provisions for the little fellows to run in and out as they like. They soon learn where their own mothers are, and there is very little likelihood of any cross hen having the chance to peck the chicks of other hens.

Sanitary precaution makes it advisable to move the coops about to fresh ground frequently, also to stir the soil all over the enclosure to get the droppings under the earth. A small wheel, hoe, or push plow will turn the mellow earth over two inches deep quickly and easily. In order that the chicks may have something to do, which will prevent them from getting into mischief, grain may be worked into the soil for them to scratch out. They will soon learn to do the work and will enjoy it. Indeed, they will be so eager to get at it if they are kept as hungry as they should be, that they will get in the way when the grain is being worked into the soil. The enclosure should not be too small for the number of chicks it contains, or they will not have room to exercise sufficiently and the earth may get so filthy as to be positively poisonous.

Will not some reader report what his or her experience is in managing the red bug evil among poultry?—Chas. M. Scherer.

Around the Farm.

Steer clear of notions in farming. What does that mean? Just this: Have nothing to do with Belgian hares. Leave the ginseng fad out. There is nothing in them for the everyday farmer. Same way about frog culture, raising skunks and all that sort of thing. Be enterprising, but let it be along lines of legitimate farming.

There is a lot of talk all the time about the best ways of keeping up the fertility of our lands. The best way that anybody ever has thought out is to keep stock. Good, old-fashioned barnyard manure is the most natural fertiliser in the world. The more we can get of it the better off we will be.

Keep a steady hand on the wheat crop. Do not be influenced very greatly by the fluctuations in the market. Plan to grow a good piece next year. It will all be needed and will bring a fair price.

Prices for pork have been high and will be again. That means that we should get in large crops of corn this spring. Plan for it, work for it. How? By making your soil rich, by plowing the very best you can, by thorough cultivation, by using first-class seed and by caring for the crop after it is on the way.

Some men never think of bringing in a pail of water at their own homes. They will go away to somebody else's home and do lots of little chores and smile all the time. Isn't your wife just as thankful for these little attentions as your neighbor's wife is?

I see our friend Jones never fails to go to town twice a week to help save the country at the grocery store congress. Meanwhile his sheep crawl through the bottom wire fence and have a good time among the corn-stalks he is too busy to husk out.—Home and Farm.

Killing Cut Worms and Potato Bugs.

A correspondent asks how to kill cutworms. If the garden had been plowed at intervals during winter, the cutworm larvae would have been exposed and killed and there would have been no cutworms this spring. Wheat bran moistened with syrup and arsenic acid, made into little balls and laid about on the ground, will attract them by the sweetness, and poison them. Air-slacked lime will kill them, but injure the plants. To apply the lime, set a tin can or paper cone over the plant to protect it, put a circle of lime completely around, remove the can or paper cone cover next plant, apply lime, etc. It is not so tedious as it seems.

Several ask how to kill potato bugs. One pound of Paris green to two hundred barrels of water, apply with a spraying machine; or one pound of Paris green to twenty-five pounds of flour thoroughly mixed and sifted on the plants from a thin muslin sack while the dew is on, is a safe remedy. If one has a small patch in the garden, use in proportion of one tablespoon of Paris green to forty tablespoons of flour. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat in a week or ten days. Do not wait until potato vines are half-eaten up before applying. Begin as soon as the bugs begin. Partly destroyed vines mean an injured and lessened crop.—Progressive Farmer.

There are 60,000 lakes in Newfoundland.